evening," she answered.

"Come in," the postman's wife called.
Another kneck, but when she said "Come
in," no one came in.

"Nellie," called her mother.

"Yes, mother," she answered.
Liefore she could say another word a
group of laughing girls appeared.

Nellie's mother called them it to see

Nellie's mother called them in 3. They were glad to see her happy.

Nellie enjoyed all the good things in the May basket, but the basket itself she kept as a souvenir of her little playmater.

The Witch's House.

on with a happy smile.
FLORENCE M'GOVERN, Age 18.

The Haunted House

One day a party of schoolchildren

having been let out early, went, with their teacher to the woods. Where shall we go? was the problem. One suggest-ed, "Let's go to Wigwam Rock." An-other said, "Let's go to the "haunted house." Finally they decided to go to the haunted house. This house had been

in it moved up and down. They then

went upstairs. The five boys had hid-den and now they began to groan. This

Children Will Be Children

I looked listlessly around as I stoo

Wondering, I opened the box-and

Toddy came in fust then and with

The next day Toddy was sent with a box of fresh flowers to Miss Peltiver. She said a little speech—which she had

that embarrassing moment, until I think that "children will be children" and fer-

Dear Uncle Jed: One day my grand-father saw a hen around the hen house and thought she had got out. He went up to her, picked her up and there was a

JOEL BARBER, Age 12.

Dear Uncle Jed. One day when my prother was coming home from Plainfield he saw four woodchucks. Three of them

brought home to me. I made a little hole in a cork, inserted it in a small glass tube and put that into a bottle. I filled the bottle with milk. The woodchuck

would take this in his paws, put it up to his mouth and drink the milk. Then I would take him out to the clover patch and give him some clover. After letting him eat all the clover he wanted, I put

FRED LESTER CONGDON, Age 10.

him back in the cage. One night I got home from school I found dead.

She was Fat

What could I get for a pres

EARLE BUTLER, Age 12.

MARY GALLUS, Age 12.

#### THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

#### Boys' and Girls' Department.

THE CALL TO OUTDOORS.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT with it and thank you kindly.

boughass, of Norwich: I write you for the prize book that I recently, which I found to be

Frances Dembo, of Danielson: I thank on very much for the prize book en-tied "Miss Pat's Holidays at Grey-oft." I have read R and I find it

define Thune, of Norwich: I ame to thank you enough for the prize you awarded me last Thursday. I know I can never succeed. "The Fire Girls Behind the Lanes." is the one I received, is the third of that series that I have won you. They are by the same aumaking it very interesting for me and of the same wirls in later years. of the same girls in later years.

Decis Waters, of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book you gave me untitled. "Elizabeth Hobart." I have read part of it and like in very much.

ble Blueberry lived in a tiny coten the picturesque coast of Maine,
well three linings very much—his
e, her cookies, and his, hers, and
body else's sea. His mother was
d-hearted woman and was the best
-maker in the whole state, at least
a thought, and often said so,
morning she baleed a larne quanticookies and pys tirsus into a jar,
she placed on a high shelf in the
y. Bobbic sast all this, and knew
its mother was some to the village
afternach. He planned his camvery carefully and as soon as his
er was out of sight he began op-

er was out of sight he began opons.

It Bobbie brought a chair into the
ry and placed it in position. As
ran not very tall, he had to put
x on the chair and then he climbed
All went well so far, but just as
alsed the cover, his dos. Jip, burked
by and frightened Bobbie, as that
ell, pulling the lar, cookies, and sil,
a on top of him.
hat a sight met his mother's eyes
the came in! The broken lar, the
ties all over the floor, Bobbie out in
kitchen bolding a cold stone over
rry large black and blue spot near
left eye. His mother, not being
easy-going, gave Bobbie a lesson
he right way to obtain gookies the
time he wanted them. She believed
to old-familioned methods and applied
a strenuously when she saw fit.
JAMES J. FENTON, Age 12.

orwich.

lood and clothing with it. And that was the last of the nickel.
FRANCES DEMBO, Age 10.

f they were old and broken! I leved them; so is it any wonder I think house cleaning is a dreadful thing.

ESTHER MAY MONROE, Age 13.

Plainfield.

Rose Raymond was a favorite child among the poor people of the town. How parents had plenty of money and often

y could not pay their debts and as days went by, they grew worse and

money and a basket filled with fruits, bread and butter.

When she reached Old Hagar's house, se woman was earning a little money looked, set about tidying things up. Af-ter making the cripple comfortable she made a little supper. By this time Old Hagar reached home with her children

running after her.

Rose took the children and placed them at the table. She then placed the ten dollars in Old Hagar's hand, and with a cheery good-laye, left the room.

God rewarded her splendidly for when she grew up, a large fertune was bestowed upon her. With this money she was able to give further aid to the poor.

Rose Raymond was beloved by all, because of her kindness and generosity.

LULIAN ANDERSON, Are 11 LILLIAN ANDERSON, Age 11.

We started off about half past ten and

lighthouse.

We started for home about five. We had a blowout when we were about two miles below Norwich. But mother got a piece of leather with which we easily mended the tire. We got home about

My Visit to Willimantle.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to write you about going to Willimantic. We I thank is gave me have read the speaking contest there. We heard the speaking and also the spelling and then we went down street onto part of it and like in very much.

Easte Batter, of Plainfield: Thank you carry much for the prize book. "The Hick-bry Ridge Boy Scoutt." I have fead it and found it very interesting.

LETTERS WHITTEN BY WIDE-AWARES.

A Cookie Boy.

Robbie Blueberry lived in a tiny cottage on the picturesque count of Maine the loved three linings very much—his mather, her cookies, and his. hers, and arearybody clack som. His mother was a kind-hearted woman and was the bast a kind-hearted woman and kind hearted and then we went to the dep

The Crow and the Turkey.

Crows are very fond of eggs, particularly the turkey eggs.

One day a woman was watching a turkey. When it knew that it was being watched it would step and pick grass. So the woman hid behind a wall and looked through an opening between the stones. Then the turkey went under a pile of brush and sat upon her nest. Iters was a crow on a tree over the nest. He was a wise old crow and so he watted until the turkey had laid her. he waited until the turkey had laid her eggs. Just as soon as she had left her nest the crow flew down and took the eggs and flow away with it. This is a

AUSTIN COVEY, Age 10.

There once lived in the Alps mountains a brave shepherd, who had to take care of many sheep. One day there came a big snowstorm and many of the sheep were lost. It happened that the man always brought a big shepherd dog

ROSE DUBEAU, Age 11.

Once upon a time there lived two

One bright day they started with a couple of guns, powder and dishes. When hay arrived at their destination they built a tent of brush. Next they built a fire and cooked their foot. They becought a lot of dry wood for the fire. Their beds were made of leaves. They went to bed early that night so they could go hunting early the hext morning. Paul caught two rabbits and Jack

caught one squirrel. After their hunt they went back to camp.

When they got there they cooked some eggs. After dinner they washed dishes in a creek nearby. For dinner and supper that day they had squirrel. They next went to bed and were up bright

HENRY LEVESQUE, Age 11.

The Spartans lived in that part of sputhern Greece called Laconia and they were therefore sometimes called Laconians or Lacons. These people were noted for their bravery and for their simple habits of life.

There was in northern Greece a land called Macedon, which was at one time ruled over by a war-like king, Philip by pages? Philips amplition were to be

ELLEN BOROVICKA, Age 13.

er had to let him go out. It was raining hard and then it stopped suddenly. When it stopped I was very glad and went out to play and had a good time.

HELEN COUGHLIN, Age 8.

Helen's Selloguy.

Oh, dear Is it any wonder I feel cross?
Just see how it is raining, and I wanted to go and gather wild flowers. Mamma says there wouldn't be any flowers if it didn't rain, and I ought not to grumble; but how can I help it? She says rain makes things grow. It doesn't make me grow, does it? Then what dees, I wonder? I'm sure I am a great deal taller now than I was last year, for mamma had to let all the tucks out of this dress. I suppose she means all growing things. Well, there's all that money I planted last Helen's Selloquy.

I never breathed a word to inybody. He's an awful bad boy and whenever he passes me he calles me "Little Missionary." or else he says: "Say. Helen, has your money sprouted yet?" I told him if he didn't stop teasing me I would tell papa and he said if I did papa would tease me more than he did. Oh, there See that suppeam! I do believe it is cleating off! I can go for my flowers, after all. I wonder where my hat and basket are?

HELEN T. GREENE, Age I.

Plainfield.

low me till I feed them. I love them

MARJORIE HYDE, Age 9.

A weary traveler lay down to rest un As the sun shifted the shadow of the tree moved away from the traveler, and he was left exposed to the sun. But the heron, seeing this, feit sorry for him and spread out his wings and shaded the weary traveler. The evil crow, however, laughed at the heron and then, to annoy the traveler, dropped a stone upon his face and flew away.

When the traveler, smarting from the garden?" While remonstrating with my-self, I picked the most beautiful of the-flowers, arranged them into a tasteful bouquet and placed them carefully in a box, such as the florists use. Then, laying them upon the table, I telephoned a messenger boy to carry them to her. After this was done, I sat down blissfully ignorant of Toddy's painful mishap. Just about an hour later, the bell rang and in came the young lady.

When the traveler, smarting from the sting of the stone, jumped up and seized his bow and arrow, he saw only the she said, as she handed me the box. and fired and killed the heron.

Avoid evil companions or they may lead you into serious trouble.

The taxt day Toddy came in just then and with glad cry, ran toward the box. "That my doily and dolly-cradle!" she cried. SHIRLEY F. DOUGLASS, Age 12.

What a Nickel Did.

Oh! I am in a bank now and will soon and the mistake was forgotten and forgiven. Forgotten, I said, yes, by all but me. me to his store. It is after noon. I have stayed there all this time. Now I peep through the cash register and see a woman coming in. She gets me. I am so shiny that her little girl teases for me and the mother gives me to her.

The child's name is Alice. Well, Alice looks at me for a while and then puts me in her bank. It is an iron one, like a dog. When she opens the bank she finds she has twenty nickels. She goes to the florist's and buys flowers for a sick lady. From the florist's I get into the hands of a hoy.

she has twenty nickels. She goes to the florist's and buys flowers for a sick lady. From the florist's I get into the hands of a boy.

This little boy loses me in a gutter. I say: "I shall never live through this," but one day a man came to clean the gutter out and found me there; but I am not shiny like I used to be. So I get used as a common piece of money, but I shall not a gutter out and found me there; but I am not shiny like I used to be. So I get used as a common piece of money, but I shed. One night he froze his foot and it became black and soon came of When cutter out and found me there; but I am not shiny like I used to be. So I get used as a common piece of money, but I am worth just as much.

RUTH LITCH, Age 11.

sned. One night he froze his foot and it became black and soon came off. When it came off they put on a wooden foot. Now he can walk pretty good. He goes out with the hens every day. He is between five and six years old.

My grandfather says he wouldn't take twenty-five dollars for him. It is about time for most of our sum-mer birds to be traveling north and

open fields and meadows of the country. Its back is a little lighter brown than that of the sparrow; its breast is yellow with a neat bib of black under the throat, and its beak and legs are exceedingly long for a bird which is not

teins, a brave shepherd, who had to take care of many sheep. One day there came a big snowstorm and many of the sheep were lost. It happened that the man always brought a big shepherd dog with him.

The dog would run over the snow, and he would dig little holes, in many places. When the man dug, he found a sheep in every hole.

One by one all the lost sheep were found. If it hadn't been for that dog's faithfulness, all the sheep would have been lost.

sects in the garden, and is now protected by law in many states. HELEN COYL, Age 12. Norwich.

Nellie's May Basket.

answered mother.

"Well, manima, don't you think- it would be nice to hang her a May basket?"

"If you are willing to do so, you may."

"Tomorrow we will fix it up," Alice replied as she flew down the stairs to a

Horlick **Malted Milk** 

The name, "Malted Milk," devised by Horlick, has been appropriated by others.
Only by the Original Horlick process, which imitators do not reproduce, can the full food vatues and flavor of Malted Milk be obtained.

The medical profession everywhere has endomed the Original product for over a third of a century. Aveid imitations.

came to a little white house covered with vines. Sallie whispered to Elizabeth: "Don't go by that house; a witch lives there." But Elizabeth walked slowly up to the steps of the house. She got frightened, then she ran home to Jane, her sister, and found her making cookles. Jane gold she could take two.

from the house to the steps of the witch and placed a cookie there.

The next morning she went to the witch's house and left her loving little corabelle play doll. The next morning it rained and Elizabeth could not visit the witch, but the next morning the sun shone and Elizabeth stopped off, but she had nothing to give the old lady. She picked a few flowers, but when ereached the steps she found her own dear dolly dressed all up in pretty clothes. She was just going home when the door of the witch's house opened and a little bent figure stood in the door.

Elizabeth's heart was beating fast but she spoke to the old lady and then they both went into the lady's house and had tea.

Elizabeth said: "And I thought you were a witch!"

"I am the only kind of a witch there is, that loves little boys and giris. You are not afraid of that kind, are you?"

are not afraid of that kind, are you?"

and they little was laid to rest at Canton, Ohlo were a witch?"

"I am the only kind of a witch there is, that loves little boys and girls. You are not afraid of that kind, are you?"

Elizabeth answered "No," and they were happy together, while Corabelle sat in a chair with a new gown and looked on with a happy smile.

KATHERINE DURJER, Age 12.

Gored to Death by an Elephant. Dear Uncle Jed: The following story been taken by him. On the walls were pictures of what some people called ghosts, and what others called persons

JAMES McGRATH, Age 12.

throw of. During their life in the woods they had become excellent huntsmen, marksmen, trailers and guides. They also had many exciting experiences and hairbreadth escapes. I will tell you one.

One day as the sun was setting Jim and Bill, who had just iniahed their

TELEPHONE COMPANY

THE SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND

The Summer

OF THE

CONNECTICUT

GOES TO PRESS

Saturday, May 15th

All changes or additions in present listings

must be arranged for on or before May

15th, in order to appear in this issue.

TELEPHONE DIRECTOR

cance paddles. He ran to the shore and jumped into the cance, closely followed by Jim. As they knew how to handle a cance from years of experience.

ment, fun, meat and money.

JOSEPH H. GIARDINA, Age 13.

THOMPSON

There are numerous toll gates on the

## Why Was The Highest Quality Corn Flakes Named-



# POST TOASTIES

They could have been called just "corn flakes," but their superiority entitled them to a distinctive name.

Bear this in mind when ordering corn flakes. That name is your protection, as well as ours. Specify Post Toasties to your grocer and you are sure of satisfaction.

Post Toasties are in greater demand throughout the United Than other kinds of corn flakes.

There's a flavor, a substance and a satisfaction to these superior flakes which put them head and shoulders over other brands.

### Post Toasties

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.